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The Haunted Millionaire Of Montecito

By

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THE UPLIFT ASSOCIATION
Station C
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



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DEC 11 1917

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THE HAUNTED MILLIONAIRE

FOREWORD

A Community Is Judged by Its Ideals and Spirit

Baked beans made Boston famous. Now baked beans mean cunning brain, skilled hand and much energy. The brown bean is mighty because it represents an ideal of excellency and a spirit of achievement. London is a nasty place with its fog and slums that smell to heaven. But London is great because of its ideals and spirit which reach to Peking and Timbukto. Santa Barbara has climate, scenery and reputation scarcely equaled world over. But the ideals and spirit of this city if nation wide, would send America to scrap-heap of nations.

This famous city has no slum center, but she has her Montecito section fraught with worse perils and problems than the slums of London or New York. The dreams, notions, whims, vagaries and ignorance of the

idle rich are not the stuff out of which a great city is made.

Some wag has suggested that the American government send an ambassador to Santa Barbara. Its ideals and spirit are not of the flag, but belong to another world. In America we believe in the government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people. In Montecito the ideal is the government of all the people by the snobocracy, for the snobocracy. Now a snob is a person of common or inferior worth who assumes the airs of superiority on the basis that we are saved, not by grace, but by ancestry and gold dollars. George Washington would have fought just as hard to free the people from Montecito ideals as he did to escape the ideals of King George. It is not a question of brains, character and the spirit of honorable endeavor here in this live oak vale, but just the question of a mere money bag.

The American Ideal Demands the Free Mingling of All Kinds and Classes

In Montecito none but the rich are

wanted. The chained gate, the haughty look, the domineering manner all tell the story of exclusiveness. In America it takes all of us to make a nation. As well build a wall around the slums of New York, a coal camp, a farm section, a factory community; and say that this is all there is of America. as to put up a wall of exclusiveness about Montecito. Our future as a nation depends on keeping the bottle well shaken up. If any single ingredient rises to the top or settles to the bottom it is time to send for the undertaker. These retired money-mad men and apes of aristocracy take God's little valley, build palaces fit for kings, and drive others away. They do not believe in the Declaration of Independence and are ignorant of what freedom means.

The ideals and spirit of Montecito dominate Santa Barbara, which is the dog wagged by the tail out among the live oaks. It is a case of full representation without taxation, for the city limits come before you reach the valley. The ideas and whims and vagaries are counted more precious

than tax money. The result is that the industrial class is barred and any enterprise that represents honest toil in the aggregate is barred. The dear old adobe buildings permeated with vermin are preserved intact—just as one might keep the hat dear old uncle wore on his darling old head as a souvenir of the dear old gentleman. So Santa Barbara sleeps and dreams of greatness in a world foreign to freedom and the cause of man. No community which would exclude anything that makes America great is worthy. We can only maintain our equilibrium by free mingling.

If a man is a nabob he needs to be stirred into a batch of day laborers. If a miserable sinner he should mix with saints, if a saint with sinners, if wealthy with hobos. Maybe the reason why the great American novel has not been written is because we have not yet produced the ideal American citizen, who must be the product of the right mixing of all the elements of our national life. He can never be produced in a Montecito atmosphere.

True Americans coalesce, pull together, love each other. But it is rumored that in this beautiful little valley there is rivalry, jealousy and strife not lacking in kinship to the badness of a back alley in the slum districts of big cities.

To have an ambition to be rich enough to retire to the seclusion of Mentecito valley is to be in love with the scrap heap. No true American wants to hob a nob with royalty. He who boasts descent from the men who conquered England by brute force and have ruled it likewise ever since, has less to brag of than has the ditch digger whose grandfather helped throw King George back across the Atlantic.

No true American hides away from his fellows, but rather mingles with them and helps solve the common problems. To retire behind a chained gate and look with scorn on the rest of humanity, is to betray the nation to its fate, and cry, "after me the deluge."

He Who Does Not Labor is Only Fit For the Scrap Heap

The true patriot works. To scorn labor is to hate the flag. The sane man works for the same reason that he eats, to preserve life. Let Montecito millionaires learn to black the boots of their servants and we may believe in them. It is as unmanly to loaf in a high power automobile as it is to loaf along the railway track with a red bandana and a tin can for supplies. The former loafer is a greater menace to the nation than the latter. The Montecito spirit derides labor, builds a servants' quarter out by the barn and with pious look says, "My Lord loveth an aristocratic loafer."

A Christian Mingles With the Low and Needy Instead of Hiding From Them

The spirit and ideals of Christianity cause men to mingle with their fellows and give their lives for others. The weak, the poor, the ignorant, the oppressed are dear to the heart of the follower of Christ. It is a law of spiritual life that the gift avails nothing without some of the sweat and blood of the

giver. To save one's soul one must go where there is need and must give of one's own heart to help another. No man can follow Christ into a palace and live with Him there any more than Tennyson's rich man could find happiness in the Palace of Art,—nor can any man find it in Montecito. Can a Real Man Live in a Millionaires' Paradise and Not Be Haunted?

It was the consciousness of the truth of these things that made The Haunted Millionaire so miserable. The latent and undestroyed manhood in him rebelled at the ideals and practices, the spirit and the fame of the society in which he found himself. He tells the story of the awakening and how he came to know that he had entered into the lists against God in achieving his success:

THE STORY

In the Twilight

In the firelight since the twilight till the
night is waning late

I have cowered enthralled and helpless here

beside the flickering grate.
Long I watched the glory burning on the
ocean's glassy breast,
As the sun dropped down in triumph like a
great bird to its nest.
Long I watched the sunset splendor softly
glow and flame and change
Over gulch and crest and shoulder far
along the rugged range,
E're the bright stars kindled slowly into
clearer, deeper blaze,
And a mist crept from the ocean, dimmed
them with its thickening haze,
'Till beyond the shuttered casement I shut
out the darkness chill,
Brooding here alone—the tenant of the pal-
ace by the hill.
I the haughty master mastered by a spell I
cannot break,
In the room a mystic presence—am I sleep-
ing or awake?
The retired industrial captain I, the mighty
millionaire,
Must I tear the record open, lay life's
buried secrets bare?

The Awakening

Yester morn within the store room, where
 I searched for papers old,
From the corner of a great chest came a
 gleam of ancient gold.
Many a year untouched, forgotten it had
 lain amid the dust,
With its hidden cruel secret that defied the
 moth and rust—
Just a small and simple locket hiding but a
 single curl
And a dim and faded picture of sweet and
 winsome girl.
Never since that fatal morning when the
 years of life were young,
Have I quite shut out the whisper of a
 strange accusing tongue;
Never yet have I sought comfort in strong
 action or in rest,
But the gnawings of discomfort stirred
 within my haunted breast.
Long the throes of outraged conscience I
 have checked with iron will,
Vainly I the haunting voices have com-
 manded to be still.

From the tomb I sealed stout hearted, lo!
the stone is rolled away,
Thirty years of death and darkness, now
the light of the clear day.
In my hand I hold the locket, dim eyes
looking into mine,
As of old so pure and tender. Life was
love, and love divine
E're the money-madness seized me, seared
the heart and fired the brain,
And my better self I offered on the altar
fires of gain.

**The Story of
Dishonor**

Thirty times the beach and maple on the
old New England farm
Have been touched with autumn color as
with a magician's charm,
Thirty times the winding river 'neath its
icy floor has crept,
And the merry skaters gaily 'twixt the
woods and meadows swept.
Hand in hand we often glided underneath
the winter moon,
In our hearts the joy and music of the wak-

ing dawns of June.
Never yet a darker shadow settled down
on human deed
As I spoke the fatal message that from
her's my life I freed,
Told her I no longer loved her, cursed my
spirit with the lie,
Left her dazed, and crushed, and wounded,
with no heart to make reply.
'Twas the fault of Mamie's father, mine the
honor, his the blame,
By his lack he showed his station with the
halt and blind and lame.
Business is but business said I, he must
win and hold who can,
Great the game, who cannot play it lacks
the measure of a man.
In his trust he told the secret where far
coal banks lay concealed,
I with quicker wit and action gained the
option on the field.
It was then the tiger madness caught my
heart and fired my brain,
It was then I learned to measure all things
by the yardstick gain.

Called I love less good than riches, money-
mad and worldly wise,
Did the deed that seemed expedient in
mine own deluded eyes.
Money-mad I jilted Mamie, broke her heart
and wrecked her life,
Led another to the altar, made one all un-
loved my wife.
As a prince is sometimes wedded out of
policy of court
When the stroke of subtle statecraft saves
the cost of fleet and fort,
So I won the shallow daughter of a new-
made millionaire.
Put her gold into my coffers—saved the
strife to put it there.
I have never loved this woman, she has
ruled my thought and will,
But her tactful woman's prowess never
kept my longing still.
She the proud and haughty leader of a
choice exclusive set,
She the cold determined woman never
made my heart forget.
In my life a void of yearning, in my halls

no infant mirth—
Children crying in the silence to be loved
and wooed to birth.
She I won has counted childbirth for the
lower surf and brute,
Wasted all her mother passion on a poodle
counted cute.
Life is more than showy splendor, stately
pride and senses cloyed,
Just a vague and dying echo ringing down
a dismal void—
Without love the story dwindles and the in-
terest swiftly wanes,
Though he gain the whole world's treasure,
without love he nothing gains.

The Flight

Yester morn I fled in terror from the mem-
ories that were stirred,
Urged my chauffeur eastward, onward till
the engines throbbed and purred,
Fled the oaks of Montecito, o'er the steep
Ortega grade,
Past the groves of Carpint'ria, wound
through Rincon's sylvan shade,
Climbed the passes of Casitas to Ventura

by the sea—
From the hurt of wakened memories
naught availed to set me free.
There I turned again and hastened to the
crest of the West Pass,
Paused to watch the wondrous picture
round the sea of fire and glass;
Miles on miles of craggy summits where
the lights and shadows rest
To the distant gates of sunset far away
adown the west;
Watched the long and foaming surf line
twixt the waters and the sand
Off toward Santa Barbara's headland wind
beside the bluffs and sand;
Dim beyond the smiling channel veiled in
soft and mystic blue,
Saw the island hills and mountains bar the
limits of the view;
Close at hand the slopes of Rincon with the
fields of barley green;
Down below the winding canyon lay its
steeper walls between.
I have wandered in famed places with ad-
miring and surprise

In the land of song and story underneath
Italian skies;
Never there my eye was captured and my
feelings, deeply stirred,
Never there my soul so startled, as with
some great earnest word.
As I paused to view the picture where so
often I have gazed,
Was it a real flash from heaven into my
wild breast that blazed?
For there seemed to come a whisper in a
breath of sea breeze sweet,
"Where thou art the ground is holy, put
thy shoes from off thy feet."
Quickly then I fled the mountain with my
soul afraid and awed—
Was it but the living presence of the ever-
lasting God?
From the green slopes of Casitas, on down
Rincon's live oak shade,
Through the groves of Carpint'ria home I
sped still more afraid;
Something moved in grove and orchard,
over foothill, greening field,
A new active force in nature till that hour

to me concealed.
In the little vine hung chapel by the shore
at Miramar,
I have said old prayers with reverence to a
king enthroned afar,
I have bowed in stately temple where the
ritual grand was heard,
While the organ rolled in rapture and a
deep emotion stirred.
Ne'er in church nor grand cathedral where
men in their reverence kneel,
Have I found a God whose presence
seemed to be at hand and real.
I have talked of evolution, cycles of ma-
terial sway
Where the master will must triumph,
cleave its destined right of way.
Have I touched the hidden meaning of the
earth, the sky and sea?
Is God life of breeze and billow, blade and
bud and shrub and tree?
Is He God because He giveth of himself to
make the rose?
Is man's life but the outgoing of a life that
swell and flows?

Is life love, the free outpouring of the heart
that throbbed and yearned
'Till it made this world of beauty, smiling
where the eye is turned?
Is he only great and noble from whom some
one new life draws,
Who is spent in saving others, swallowed
up in some great cause?
Is there no path to greatness but by toil
and sacrifice?
I who wrested gain from others, is my life
the worst of lies?

The Banquet

Yester' night my halls were crowded and
the festal board was spread,
I was gay amid the gladness for the wine
was flowing red.
Wealth and beauty, pride and culture bri!
liant light and service rare—
'Twas a choice exclusive gathering called
my luxury to share.
I the far famed man of millions, I the
would-be genial host
Lifted up a costly chalice to speak out a
witty toast.

Was it then a frenzied fancy? Had I let my
reason slip?

Did the wine within the goblet turn to
blood upon my lip?

In my brain there woke the drooning of the
iron wheels that spin

Where enslaved the little children toil amid
the dust and din,

Driven by their cruel masters with their
hearts transformed to stone,

Grinding off the flesh God-image where the
mill wheels race and moan.

It was I who drove the drivers—for the
means must reach the ends,

Who invests must reap the profits, stock
must bear its dividends.

They were hers not mine, those factories,
mine to rule by wedding dower,

So I've spoiled the human harvest by the
blight of childhood's flower.

In the smoke and dust of smelters—mine
the furnace and the mill—

Long I drove the slaves of labor with a
grim unyielding will,

Gave each man a chosen number, names

are naught to such a race—
When one died amid the turmoil took the
next to fill the place.
Oft I've seen their stolid faces in the flame
of furnace glare—
When I raised the costly chalice, cold and
still I saw them there.
Long in dreams have come the voices of the
children spoiled and slain,
And the flitting ghastly, faces of the men
cut deep by pain.
Still, 'twas ordered that men perish in the
harvest of great wealth,
Who could win a place and fortune if he
counted life and health?
Rights of property are lawful—pillage, rob-
bery and loot
Was the primal law when mankind was
emerging from the brute;
Nothing else will serve the purpose in a
world of action real—
He can never win who loiters in the realm
of the ideal.
Men of pride and hate and warfare,
schemers sleek, astute and bold—

These have been my masters, models, whose
reward is power and gold.
Captains of industrial conquest rule by
right divine, supreme,
Men of need are but the chessmen in the
nation-helping scheme—
So has run my worldly logic like a chain
across the years,
Every link was forged with effort amid
hidden doubts and fears.
Iron mailed and eager hearted I invoked
the law of might—
Does that law conflict forever with the
eternal law of right?
What is mine is mine, is written in the an-
cient civil code,
What is mine—is that the measure of the
debt to others owed?

The Palace of Unrest

I have built this stately mansion 'mid the
ancient live oak trees
Here between the rugged mountains and
the calm and sunlit seas,
Walled it in with high seclusion, chained
the gate lest men intrude,

Lest they mar my peace and quiet with
their manners dull and rude,
Shut my heart to want and sorrow, bid
farewell to pain and need,
Like a prince enjoyed the harvest of my
long and fruitful greed.
On these walls the dreams of artists from
the costly canvas start,
On these shelves the masterpieces—science,
literature and art;
Here I've roamed the fields of action in the
lands of history past,
Talked with king and sage and dreamer
with their stores of knowledge vast;
Harked the songs of mighty poets that like
healing streams have flown,
Sought to sing their music with them,
sought to make their joy mine own;
Here I've hailed the lords of science, bid
them share their stores of thought,
Viewed with them the modern wonders that
their brains and hands have wrought;
But like guests all uninvited these great
hearts and minds among
I have stood an awkward listener harking

to an unknown tongue.
Money-mad I jilted Mamie, money-mad
I've gained my goal—
Money-madness blights the vision, wastes
the prowess of the soul.
Money will not buy the treasure of a clean
and contrite heart,
Nor the love of truth, the insight that great
genius doeth impart.
I the clean bred Anglo-Saxon born of noble
dreams and worth,
Taught to spurn the sham and snobbery of
the vulgar pride of birth,
Mating here with blue blood gentry boast-
ful of a lineage old
From some drunken brute ancestor con-
quering by sheer force bold,
And with shallow-witted copyists of old
duke or prince or lord
Who to hob-a-nob with rich men count it
life's supreme reward.
Money will not buy the knowledge of stern
righteousness and truth,
Money will not buy the vision of a lost and
wasted youth.

I would give my wealth to feel it—Mamie's
 arms around my neck,
Run the ship upon the headland, haste in
 triumph from the wreck.
There are stains on my escutcheon gener-
 ous deeds can not atone,
Tho' no eye was ever troubled by the
 glimpse but mine alone.
This a splendid haunted palace , mine the
 heart of dread and fear,
Faces flitting on my vision, voices whisper-
 ing in mine ear.
Oft I've fled in quest of comfort, but the
 spectral brood pursues
Down the long and shaded pavements with
 their charm of changing views;
From the slopes of the Casitas I have raced
 in speeding car
To the grades of Gaviota and San Marcus
 pass afar;
Where the walnut groves are standing in
 their long and even rows
And the lemon, orange, live meet the lillie
 and the rose;
Where the roaring waves are breaking

on the smooth and level sand,
Where the foothill drives are winding and
the views are counted grand.
I have dined in Franklin's canyon with the
live oak branches spread
Interwoven gainst the sunlight of the soft
blue sky o'erhead;
Harked where rippling Rincon's waters
leap and laugh from pool to pool
'Mid the banks of fern and foliage kissed
by soft sea breezes cool;
I have wound the wondrous canyon with
its sylvan shadows dark,
Whiled away the hours of dreamland 'mid
the groves at Stanley Park;
I have dined with money princes where the
oaks at Shepard's Inn
Banish all the toil and turmoil, of far cities
with their din.
Everywhere the touch of grandeur and
charm of beauty rare,
Everywhere the balm and healing for life's
trouble, pain and care—
But my restless heart within me mocks the
peace of scenes like these,

From each studied new diversion rises up
in fear and flees.

He is poor who gains the whole world
while his noblest powers decline—

I the discord to the music, love and hope
no longer mine;

Lust of eye and pride of living, lust of flesh
long satisfied,

But the simple joy of being is forevermore
denied.

The Pictures on the Wall

On the wall here hangs a picture, a choice
painting counted rare—

Hoffman's rich young ruler, lighted by the
firelight's fitful glare.

As the sun breaks into fullness through the
morning mist and haze,

Now at me the Christ seems looking with
a sad, accusing gaze.

Was it but a passing fancy that upon my
hearing fell:

"Feed the poor and help the worker, all ye
of have forsake and sell?"

I have held the rights of money greater

than the rights of man,
I have held Jehovah's favor rests upon the
man who can,
I have looked with scorn on Lazarus, safely
barred beyond my gate,
Spurned him as inferior, useless, as I
passed in power and state;
Why should I waste time and trouble on
an outcast such as he?
Whence this still voice, "Thou need'st Laz-
arus more than Lazarus needeth thee."
I have cloyed my sense with plenty while
the millions underfed
Toil like slaves upon the treadmill for a bit
of sodden bread.
What is mine is mine forever, by the law
of conquest old,
What is man that I should mind him?
what is mine is mine to hold.
What is mine is theirs who need it—by
what law comes such a claim?
What? the law of their devotion who have
named Christ's saving name?
Did the traveler of Samaria on the road to
Jericho
When he bound his wounds who suffered

from the robber's well aimed blow
Paid his keep and careful nursing—get
more than he freely gave?
Are the savers helped by serving more than
those they serve and save?
Poor and useless, dull and brutish I have
lived to self alone,
I have cloyed the sense with plenty, fed my
soul a crust and bone.
What is charity to justice, giving alms does
not avail,
When the method of my getting meant that
other men must fail.
Is my palace then a prison for my best self
bound in chains,
In the hovel and the alley can I find the
God who reigns?
Mine a vulgar show of money, manhood
withering to decay,
Is it vain then that I worship life my hands
to praise and pray;
He gives vainly of his treasure who with-
holds the heart's good will?
Never gave I gift to Lazarus but I spurned
and loathed him still.
“Wouldst thou” comes a solemn whisper,
“gain the clearest view of Him,

Go where burdened manhood labors 'mid
the din and shadows dim;
There within the shifting turmoil of the
factory, mill and mine,
In the hearts of them the toilers is the
image most divine.
You will find my glory hidden in the breasts
of men you meet,
Find my dread and awful presence 'mid the
turmoil of the street;
Vain the stately creed and ritual learned
talk of saving plan,
Man must save his soul by loving every
low and loathsome man."

The Scorn of the

Padre

Yonder on his brazen paniel, lifting conse-
crated hands
Noblest of the Mission fathers, Serra the
great padre stands,
He who laid aside all honor a lost people to
redeem,
Led the padres to that conquest, nameless
graves by shore and stream;
I the honored man of money, I whose rise

cost others dear,
In the withering scorn of Serra sit and
cower and tremble here.
Many times I've heard the old bells call
caross the silent air,
Bidding men to pause and worship, waft on
high an honest prayer,
While a shame has burned within me at the
thought of their high zeal
Who first raised these ancient turrets, bid
the bells their message peal.
He who gives himself takes station with
the noble and the brave,
He who gets and holds sinks lower than the
outcast and the slave.

Betraying the Flag

Here above the marble mantel hangs my
grandsire's portrait old,
Firm of lip and strong of feature, once a
warrior glad and bold,
Who from Bunker Hill to Yorktown
through the snows of Valley Forge
Bore the sword in many a battle gainst the
minions of King George.

'Then they made a mighty nation, flung the
stars and stripes on high,
Set the flag, a blaze of beauty there forever
gainst the sky.
But tonight he eyes me grimly with a look
that scorning hides,
He and I were men of battle—he and I on
different sides,
His the sword unsheathed for freedom's
last and noblest patriot dream—
Mine the war to make the prowess of the
clans of wealth supreme.
“Let the people rule the nation,” cry the
leaders of reform,
“Down with special rights,” they argue
while their blood is waxing warm.
I the heir of Christian ages, armed with all
the gains of time,
Have I preyed on human freedom with the
wealth that is a crime?
Is he who with studied caution seeks the
just law to evade
Greater foe to human freedom than who
bears a rebel's blade?
I have fought the rank insurgents with

their policies and dreams,
Plotters 'gainst the ruling order with their
new and untried schemes.
What the claims of common people gainst
the claims of me and mine?
Property and rank are sacred—I have ruled
by right divine.
Shall a child's cry still the drooning of the
wheels of certain gain?
Does a man's need hold unquestioned right
of eminent domain?
Is the civil code the echo of Jehovah's voice
of awe?
's he traitor then to freedom who ignores
the moral law?
Does he then betray his fellows who for-
gets the Sinai code,
Bind a nation to disaster somewhere down
the distant road?
When I mastered men and used them in
my purpose strong and grim
Did I strive in court and congress gainst
the purposes of Him?
Party rule and party leaders at His fiat all
must hark,

By the arras in the throne room hides He
in the shadow dark.

Spite of all the human logic, sophists skill
and custom long,

Stands the nation's only safety in the right
against the wrong?

I am cowering in the firelight terrified, ap-
palled and awed,

Every avenue of refuge brings me face to
face with God.

It is he who casts the mighty from their
seats of pride and trust,

It is He who breaks the nations, flings
their grandeur into dust.

I have spared no man, but flung them from
their stations in my path—

I have now begun to wrestle with Jeho-
vah's silent wrath.

Are there flashes sent from heaven making
all life's meaning plain?

Is this all a feverish fancy of a wild dis-
ordered brain?

In the East the dawn is kindling, in the
grave the fire burns low,

I have written down the story, I am free to
rise and go.

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